

T H E
CHILDREN'S FRIEND;

CONSISTING OF
APT TALES, SHORT DIALOGUES,
AND MORAL DRAMAS;

ALL INTENDED
To engage ATTENTION, cherish FEELING,
and inculcate VIRTUE, in
THE RISING GENERATION.

TRANSLATED BY
The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN,
From the FRENCH of M. BERQUIN.

V O L. VIII.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the TRANSLATOR, and to be had
of JOHN STOCKPALE, opposite Burlington-
House, PICCADILLY.

MDCCLXXXVI.

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THE
PAIN OF IDLENESS.

Mrs. STAPLETON. VICTORIA *her*
Daughter.

Mrs. STAPLETON.

WHAT's the matter with you,
child; you seem so melancholy?

VICTORIA.

I am truly so, Mama.

Mrs. STAPLETON.

And why, Victoria? I was thinking
you'd come home quite joyous from
your walk.

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VICTORIA.

At first indeed I was diverted: but returning by our Carpenter's, I saw his three poor children at the door, and crying so as to have made your heart ache. They were famishing, they said, with hunger.

Mrs. STAPLETON.

Is it possible!—Their father has a very profitable business; and 'tis scarce a week ago, when I myself, Victoria, paid him upwards of three pounds for presses he had made in my apartment.

VICTORIA.

Yes, Mama; I heard my governess inform a woman so, who when the little ones began to cry, came to them with a bit of bread for each.

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THE *PAIN OF IDLENESS.* 5

Mrs. STAPLETON.

And what did she reply ?

VICTORIA.

The carpenter, she said, was greatly to be pitied, for he laboured night and day, and yet would always be in want ; his wife was such a shocking creature, knowing hardly any thing a woman should. She had not learnt to use her needle, knit or spin, and could not even keep her husband's shirts in order. If he wanted one, he was obliged to have it washed and mended out of doors.

Mrs. STAPLETON.

Poor man ! he's very badly off, and you are grieved, with reason, for a man, whose wife is thus neglectful

6 THE PAIN OF IDLENESS.

of her duty. Notwithstanding which, Victoria, I could wish, she were the single instance of the kind you will in future meet with.

VICTORIA.

But, Mama, I have not told you all ; and what's to come is worse ; for having absolutely nothing she can do, her idleness has put her upon drinking. When her husband, after having worked all day, comes home quite tired at night, in expectation of a comfortable supper, frequently he finds her drunk in bed ; and very often it has happen'd, that the children have not had a single bit of bread all day to eat. Is not the situation of these poor unhappy infants greatly to be pitied ?

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Mrs. STAPLETON.

I lament their situation, as you do, my dear; but on this melancholy opportunity, do you remark, Victoria, you may make an observation very useful to yourself?

VICTORIA.

What's that, Mama?

Mrs. STAPLETON.

That every woman who neglects the employment of her sex and situation, is a creature most unhappy in herself, and most despicable of any in the world. And after this, you may discern much clearer now than ever, why your father and myself incessantly admonish you to be industrious, one way or another.

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VICTORIA.

Yes, Mama, I see at present your affection, in the trouble you are at of teaching me to work. But tell me, pray, need rich and fashionable ladies learn so many things? When they are married, have not they their maids to do whatever they may want?

Mrs. STAPLETON.

No, no, my dear Victoria: labour is as indispensable for them, as for the poor man's children. I won't speak of those reverses fortune is attended with, through which a woman may, at one time or another, have no means for her subsistence, but the labour of her hands. However, these reverses are too common. But my dear, amidst the greatest honours, and

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a multitude of servants, all solicitous to labour for their mistress, should not she herself have learnt before-hand, what work is? to put them on such tasks as are adapted to the talents they possess, require no more than any one can do, reward their diligence, facilitate their service, and by such proceeding, gain their deference and esteem? By virtue of her rank and riches, she must have to do with many artificers: if she herself then does not know what labour is, how can she put a value upon others' labour, so as not to under-rate the reasonable payment of a useful workman, and be safe from imposition in the articles of luxury, when useless workmen bring their bills in? satisfy, on one hand,

TO THE *PAIN* OF *IDLENESS*.

the suggestions of her generosity, and on the other, keep her family from being ruin'd? and besides, what pleasure, likewise must it not afford a reasonable woman, to behold her children and herself adorned with garments, her own hands have made! and set a part the fruit of such economy, to purposes of comforting the sick, of feeding those that otherwise would die with hunger, and of giving education to their children, that in other points, the parents may be able to maintain them!

VICTORIA.

Dear, Mama, let us not lose a moment, I beseech you, but instruct me in all this.

THE *PAIN* OF *IDLENESS*. II

Mrs. STAPLETON.

I will, that I may properly discharge my duty, and assist you to fulfil the intention, both of nature and religion ; but particularly, to preserve you from that dangerous dissipation, idleness might otherwise beget within you. I will do it also to possess you with a love of home, to make you pleasing in your future husband's eyes, and worthy of respect in those too of your children ; to inform you how those cares may be avoided, that oppress as many as have no such powerful diversions to oppose thereto ; and in a word, to give you the enjoyment of a blameless conscience, and the happiness of life, in every period of it. — You have seen by the example of

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our carpenter's incorrigible wife, what wickedness, a want of inclination, or capacity for industry may lead to. How shall I describe, considering your imperfect understanding, those two greatest torments any woman can be burthened with, disgust and listlessness? I can at best afford you only an inadequate idea of them, even by the story of a little girl I knew, about as old as you yourself are.

VICTORIA.

O! my dear Mama, quick, quick, the story of this little girl!

Mrs. STAPLETON.

Attend then.—“There was very lately not far off, a lady who was always busy, and who never pass'd an

THE *PAIN* OF *IDLENESS*. 13

hour in perfect inactivity: her name was Nash.

Angelica, her daughter, could not easily believe her, when she spoke of the enjoyment caused by industry, and the uneasiness annex'd to idleness. 'Tis true, she constantly sat down to work, whenever her Mama enjoined her, having always been accustomed to obedience: but 'tis easy to conceive how little she improv'd by working, since she never set about with delight.

My dearest child, would Mrs. Nash so often say, when she beheld her in lounging mood, as if her hands were ready to fall down beside her, I could wish some accident, unpleasant tho' not fatal would but happen, to con-

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vince you of the irksomeness attendant upon indolence, and those delightful moments that take up the industrious. Now, Victoria, you must know this wish, occasion'd by her tenderness, was very soon fulfill'd.

Angelica, at that time nearly ten years old, was to accompany her mother, to a country house some few miles off. The mother, setting out, had taken care to have her work-bag put into the carriage, and desir'd Angelica to think of her's. Angelica design'd compliance; but how easily Victoria, do we forget our duty when we give attention to it only with reluctance! You may understand by this, the work-bag was forgot.

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Things very happily went on at first: the sky was perfectly serene, and nature seem'd to smile about them. But towards noon, the clouds roll'd over one another at the horizon. The thunder suddenly was heard, with terrifying noise. Their fright obliged them instantly to make a halt, when they had reached a little village; and a moment afterwards, the rain came down in torrents.

As the approaches of the storm had caused more travellers to take shelter in the inn they came to, Mrs. Nash could not procure a separate room to sit in; so that putting up the coach, she went on foot, conducted by a servant, to the dwelling of a good old woman in the town, who very civilly

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gave up her bed and bed-room, which was all she had.

How happy was not Mrs. Nash that she had brought her work ! The good old woman sat beside her with a spinning-wheel, and thus an autumn evening, which was far from short, passed cheartfully away between discourse and labour.

But Angelica, alas ! was very differently situated in the interval ; the cottage was extremely little, and when once she had examin'd every corner of it, she had absolutely nothing left to do. The rain which still was falling, hindered her from visiting the garden ; 'twas impossible to sleep away an hour or two by reason of the thun-

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der ; and the woman's conversation, who could only talk about her spinning-wheel, was noway likely to amuse her.

She desir'd her mother for a little time would let her have her work, which last, with great propriety made answer, she would not for any one deprive herself of such a comfort ; having had the recollection to come out provided with her work, she said it was but natural, she should herself enjoy the advantage of her recollection, leaving her who had not shown so much attention, on the other hand, to undergo the inconvenience of her negligence. Angelica had not a word

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to say on being answered in this manner.

After many yawning hours of restlessness, impatient sighings and reproaches on the weather, she at last attain'd the hour of supper: she sat down to take a slight repast, but had no appetite, and after, went to bed quite disappointed of the entertainment she had many days before expected

With what pleasure did not she awake next morning, and behold the brightness of a sun without one cloud! With what impatience didn't she do every thing she could to hasten their departure!

Well, at last the coach was ready and the lady having generously paid her hostess for the shelter of her cot

THE *PAIN* OF *IDLENESS*. 19

tage, recommenced her journey, no less satisfied at the preceding evening, than Angelica was out of humour with it.

They soon found, the rain had flooded all the roads: the water that still covered them conceal'd the ruts. The carriage swagged from one into another. Every moment they were fearful for the springs and perch. At last indeed, a wheel came off and over-set the coach; but fortunately for the lady and her daughter, they received not the least hurt.

They were not long recovering from their fright; and at a distance saw a pretty hamlet, built upon the summit of a hill. The lady took Angelica in

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one hand, and repoling with the other on her servant's arm, proceeded to the hamlet, whence she meant to send assistance to the coachman.

But it happen'd there was neither smith or carpenter in all the hamlet; and two days they were obliged to wait, till they could have a wheel made for them in another village.

Poor Angelica! how she lamented! and how heavily those two days hung upon her hands! the fright her fall had put her into, took away the use to which she might have put her legs, and she was utterly incapable of walking. What, in this case, could her mother do to soften her uneasiness? The rigid justice she resolved to make a point of towards Angelica, prevented

THE *PAIN* OF *IDLENESS*. 21

giving up her work ; and even had it not been so, Angelica, by having fail'd to exercise her talents in embroidery, would have spoilt it.

It was therefore now, Angelica began to be convinced, what sweets there are in industry, and with a blush, address'd her mother in the following manner :

“ Ah, Mama, I have deserved the uneasiness I suffer ; and at present, for the first time in my life, see clearly why you have so frequently advis'd me to love work. I have sufficiently experienced since we last left home the irksomeness of idleness.” So saying she affectionately sunk into her mother's arms, and pressing ardently her hand,

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wenton; "Forgive me the affliction I have caus'd you by that idleness. Since we have been from home, I've mark'd how much you were concerned at seeing me uneasy; and not less for your sake than my own, sincerely promise you amendment for the future."

Hearing such a promise, Mrs Nash embraced her daughter, praised her resolution; and, pursuing the advantage of that lesson she had given herself, convinced her how essentially the love of industry preserves us from anxiety, and may contribute to assuage the miseries of human life, by furnishing the salutary means of filling up our time. She bless'd the accidental circumstances of a journey that had wrought such alteration in her daughter, who

THE PAIN OF IDLENESS. 23

gave speedy proof she meant to keep her word. She even went beyond her promise, and the mother had in future nothing to reproach her with, excepting the excess of her activity and application."

THE
BENEFIT OF INDUSTRY.

A Wealthy husbandman was father of two boys, one just a twelve-month older than the other. On the younger's birth, he planted near the border of his orchard two fine apple-trees of equal forwardness, which afterward he cultivated with the same degree of care, and which so equally had profited by his attention, no one could pretend to say which tree was preferable to the other. When his children were

THE BENEFIT, &c. 25

of proper age to use such tools as are employed in husbandry, he took them one day in the spring to where these trees were growing, which the careful father, I forgot to intimate, had christen'd by the names of Anthony and Mitchel, as before, his children had been.

After having caus'd them to admire the beauty of their shape and multitude of blossoms on the branches, he address'd them in the following terms. "You see, my children, I commit them to you in a very proper state: they will derive no less advantage from your care, than they must lose should you neglect them. To express myself in plainer words, their fruit will recom-
were

penſe you in proportion to the labour you beſtow upon them."

Of our boys, the younger, and his name was Mitchel, ſhew'd himſelf quite indefatigable in his cares; and every day he was employ'd in brushing off thoſe inſects that would otherwiſe have hurt it; he ſuſtain'd the body upon every ſide by props, that it might not aſſume a wrong direction; and affiduouſly rak'd the ground about it, that the mould might eaſily be penetrable by the genial benefit of ſun and dew. His mother had not taken greater care of him, when in the cradle, than he took of his beloved apple-tree.

But Antony, his brother, on the other hand, did nothing of all this: he

sometimes pass'd the day in that part of the orchard that was next the public road, where slyly keeping watch, he flung great stones at people that pass'd by, or mingled with the little peasants of the neighbourhood, and was for ever fighting with them. He had often broken shins, or bumps upon his face, proceeding from the blows he got in quarrelling. In short, his tree was so compleatly left uncultivated that he did not even seem to think he had one; till when autumn came, he one day saw his brother's bending with the golden apples on it, in such great abundance, that if unsupported, 'twould have broke beneath the burthen. Perfectly astonish'd at the sight of such a plenteous harvest,

he then paid a visit to *his* tree, in hopes of finding one at least as plentiful : but imagine what was his surprise beholding nothing in the world but branches, covered every where with moss ; and here and there indeed an apple with some leaves, but those grown yellow. Full of jealousy and spite, he ran complaining to his father. “ Father, he began, what sort of tree is this you gave me ? ’Tis as dry as any birch-broom handle ; and I shan’t have twenty apples from it ; but my brother—O, you’ve us’d him better : so pray bid him share at least his apples with me.”—What ! replied the father, bid him give you half his apples ! that would be to make the diligent bestow the profit of his labour and atten-

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tion on the idler. — No, no. — Suffer. — Such a punishment should be the consequence of your neglect; and think not me unjust, beholding the rich harvest of your younger brother. Both your trees were of an equal vigour; both might have produc'd an equal quantity of fruit, the blossoms being full as numerous on the one as on the other: both were planted, as you know, together; and the only difference is, that your's has not receiv'd the same degree of cultivation. Mitchell kept his tree at all times free from every insect: you left your's to be devoured by insects even in its blossom. As on my part, I won't lose an atom of what God has given me; since at one time or another, I must

render an account thereof, I take away your tree, and will not any longer let it bear your name.— 'Tis necessary, it should be your brother's, so that it may flourish as it would have done; and from this moment therefore it belongs to him, together with the fruit it may bring forth in future seasons. Chuse, if you think fit, another from my nursery, and cultivate it, if you wish to make attonement for your fault! but if you do not cultivate it, then that also shall become your brother's, since he imitates me in his industry.

Poor Antony perceiv'd the justice of his father's sentence, and the prudence of his counsil. He repair'd that moment to the nursery, and chose

himself a tree he thought most likely to bear fruit and flourish. He transplanted it himself, and Mitchel aided him with his instruction how to tend it. Antony determined not to lose a moment: he had no more quarrels with his comrades; and much less, himself, for he applied in earnest to his labour. He beheld in autumn time, his tree bring forth abundantly beyond what he had ever hop'd for: Thus had he the double benefit of 1st, a plenteous crop of fruit; and 2dly, of dropping the bad habits he had previously contracted. And his father was so pleas'd with his amendment, that next year, he ceded in full right to him and Mitchel, the whole produce of a little orchard.



THE
THOUGHTLESS CRUELTY.

THE little Robert, fortunately as he fancied, one day made discovery of a nest of sparrows, near his father's house. Immediately he ran to give his sisters notice, and they held a council with each other how they should proceed to get possession of the nest.

It was agreed to wait till such time as the little birds should be completely covered

THE *THOUGHTLESS*, &c. 33

covered with their feathers, and that Robert then should raise a ladder up against the wall, and while his sisters held it fast below, secure the covey.

Therefore when they judg'd the birds were fully fledg'd, they set about the execution of their project. It succeeded as they wish'd: three little ones were in the nest: the parents uttered mournful cries, when they beheld themselves depriv'd at once of all those children they had rear'd with so much trouble and affection: but the little Robert and his sisters were so joyful at their acquisition, that they paid no manner of attention to the sorrow of the old ones.

For a little time they did not know

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what disposition they should make of their three prisoners. Isabella, or the youngest, who was naturally tender and compassionate, advised to put them in a cage: she undertook herself to feed them daily, and with pleasure represented what delight it would afford to see and hear the pretty creatures in a month or two, when they were bigger.

This proposal was rejected by the brother, who maintain'd, it would be better far to strip off all their feathers on the spot; and added it would be a matter of much greater pleasure, to stand looking on while they were hopping round about the room, quite naked, than to see them gloomily shut up in cages.

Fanny, who was eldest of the three, declar'd for Isabella's counsel; while the thoughtless Robert stood up firmly for his own. However in the end, the little girls, who saw their brother would not be prevailed on, and besides, was in possession of the nest, consented to whatever he thought proper.

In reality, he had not waited their consent to set about his project, but by this time had unfledged the first. There's one, he cried, undress'd; and put it down upon the ground. Immediately the little family were all depriv'd, in this unfeeling manner, of their growing plumage. The unhappy creatures uttered dismal cries; they trembled every limb; and sorrow-

36 THE *THOUGHTLESS*

fully beat their wings ; but Robert; far from being mov'd to pity by their sufferings, did not limit here his persecutions. Every now and then, he push'd them onward with his foot behind, whenever they stopp'd short, and fell a laughing. Such was his diversion ; when at last, his sisters—so pernicious is the force of bad examples — fell a laughing also.

While this barbarous sport was going on, they saw, but at a distance, Robert's tutor coming. Instantly the three put each a bird into their pocket, and set off.

What now ? cried out the Tutor who by this time was much nearer.— Where are you all running ? Stay come back.

CRUELTY. 37

This order forc'd them to stop short,
and back they came, but very slowly,
and with down-cast eyes.

THE TUTOR.

And what's the reason you all ran
away, when I was coming?

ROBERT.

We were in a playing humour.

THE TUTOR.

Well! and what of that? You
know I never told you not to seek
amusement. Nay, you know I'm ne-
ver so well pleased, as when I see you
merry.

ROBERT.

We were all afraid, because we
thought you coming to be angry
with us.

THE TUTOR.

Am I ever angry, when I see you taking innocent diversion? But the truth is, I can see you have been doing wrong. Why have you each a hand, pray, in your pocket? I desire to know the meaning. Shew me instantly your hands, and let me see what's in them.

(They show their hands, with each an unfledg'd sparrow; and the Tutor, struck with horror and compassion, goes on.)

And who could put it in your heads to treat in such a cruel manner, these poor creatures?

ROBERT.

Why because, Sir, it's so funny to

CRUELTY. 39

see sparrows hop about without their feathers !

THE TUTOR.

So you call it funny, then, to hear such harmless creatures utter melancholy cries, and see them suffer ?

ROBERT.

No, Sir ; but I didn't think to lose their feathers made them suffer.

THE TUTOR.

Well ; come near me ; and I'll show you. (*plucking out some of Robert's hair.*)

ROBERT.

Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

THE TUTOR.

Is that then painful ?

40 THE *THOUGHTLESS*

ROBERT.

You suppose, perhaps, 'tis pleasant
to pull out one's hair !

THE TUTOR.

Why, don't you see there's scarce a
dozen of them ?

ROBERT.

Well, but they're too many.

THE TUTOR.

What then would not you have
suffer'd, had I pull'd out all the hair
you have ? do you conceive the tor-
ture 'twould have put you to ? such
notwithstanding is the pain you have
occasion'd these poor birds, that never
did you harm. And you young ladies,
you that should have been more tender
and compassionate, permitted it !

The little girls had hitherto stood

CRUELTY.

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silent, but at these last words, confounded with so bitter a reproach, they both sat down, and instantly their eyes gush'd out with tears.

The Tutor saw their sorrow, was affected by it, and said nothing farther to them. Robert did not weep, but sought to justify himself as follows:

I had no design to do them harm, they didn't leave off singing, but play'd all the while their wings, as if they were delighted.

THE TUTOR.

Do you call their crying, singing? but why, tell me, did they sing, as you say?

ROBERT.

Now I reflect thereon, it must have been to call their parents to them.

THE TUTOR.

Doubtless : and when once their cries had brought them, what was their design by playing, as you say, their wings ?

ROBERT.

I don't know much of that ; but 'twas perhaps to have their succour.

THE TUTOR.

You are right, in so supposing : therefore had these birds been able to express themselves in words, you would have heard them say : Come hither quickly, parents, with your succour. We have unfortunately got into the hands of cruel children, that have pull'd off all our feathers. We are cold, and suffer grievously. Oh, come and warm us then, or we shall die !

The little girls could not hold out at so affecting a description any longer. They conceal'd their faces with their handkerchiefs, and sigh'd, and sobb'd deplorably. 'Tis you, they said, addressing Robert, you that made us guilty of such cruelty! We thought at first with horror of it.

Nor was Robert now, without a proper notion of his fault. He was in some degree already punish'd for it, by the hair his Tutor had pull'd out, but more severely by the secret accusations of his heart. The Tutor thought, he needed not add any thing on his part to this double chastisement. In fact, it was not from a cruel instinct, but for want of properly reflecting, that Robert had com-

44 THE *THOUGHTLESS*, &c.

mitted such an action. The compassion, at that moment he conceiv'd for every creature weaker than himself, in future opened his whole heart to every sentiment of kindness and humanity, and was inseparable from his nature ever after.

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GOD SEES US,
THO' MEN MAYN'T.

MR. Spilsbury was one day walking in the fields with Ferdinand, his youngest son. It was Autumn, and the weather then was very fine, but very hot.

Papa, said Ferdinand, turning his eye directly towards a garden they were walking by the side of, I am very dry.

And I too, Ferdinand, replied the

46 *GOD SEES US,*

Father; but we needs must wait with patience, till such time as we get home.

FERDINAND.

But look, papa, on this side, what a charming pear-tree: 'tis a Windsor! O, with what delight, could I eat one or two!

MR. SPILSBURY.

Indeed I think so; but this tree is in a garden, closed on every side.

FERDINAND.

The hedge methinks, is not so very thickly planted: and see here papa's a gap before us: I can easily get through it.

MR. SPILSBURY.

True; but what, in that case, would the owner of the garden say,

THO' MEN MAY'NT. 47

if he should happen to be there?

FERDINAND.

O! that's unlikely; and there's
not a soul will see me.

Mr. SPILSBURY.

You deceive yourself, my child;
there's one that certainly will see and
punish you with justice; since you
would be guilty of a sin, in doing what
you think of.

FERDINAND.

And who's that, papa?

Mr. SPILSBURY.

Even he that every where is present;
that at no time loses sight of any one
among us, for a moment, and who
knows even what we think of;—
God.

That's true indeed ; and I give up all thoughts of coming at the fruit.

That very moment there got up behind the hedge, a man they had not seen before, as he was laid along upon a bench, within the garden. 'Twas to him the premises belong'd, and he address'd himself to Ferdinand in this wise :

“Give God thanks, my little man, who put it in your father's heart to keep you from my garden, and the fruit within it, that belongs not to you. I am certain, you will do so, when you know that round about the trees, lie many snares disposed of secretly for thieves. You would have broke your little legs, if you had en-

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ter'd, and been lame for ever : but in recompence of that attention it appears you gave the prudent lesson of a father, and afforded proof, that God's fear was in your heart, without insisting on the theft you meditated, I will give you with a deal of pleasure, what you wished for."

Having said thus much, he went directly to the finest pear-tree, shook it, pick'd up a hat-full of the fruit, as he had promised, and brought it to Ferdinand.

This action so much charm'd the father, that he took a piece of money from his purse, and would have paid the good old man for so much kindness with it, but could not per-

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50 *G O D S E E S U S,*

suade him to take any thing. It gave me pleasure, Sir, remark'd the gardener, to oblige your little boy, but would not any longer, if I took a gift in payment. None but God can recompence such actions.

Mr. Spilsbury held out his hand by way of friendship, as they stood on either side the hedge : and Ferdinand pronounc'd his thanks in something of a compliment, the old man thought quite pretty for his years ; but still he shew'd his gratitude much more expressively, by that peculiar heartiness, with which he bit into the pears, and squeez'd the juice out.

When the little boy had finish'd with the last, and was already got a

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THO' MEN MAYN'T. 51

good way from the garden homewards;
What a brave old man, his words were
to his father, was not this we just now
parted with?

Mr. SPILSBURY.

Quite so, my child, and doubtless he
has got such character from being pe-
netrated with this awful truth; That
God lets no good actions pass without
their recompence, and always punishes
the bad.

FERDINAND.

Would God then certainly have
punish'd me, if I had took the pears?

Mr. SPILSBURY.

The old man told you, what in that
case would have happen'd: didn't
he?

52 GOD SEES US,

FERDINAND.

My legs have had a fine escape :
but sure it is not God himself has set
those snares he spoke of ?

Mr. SPILSBURY.

No—not God himself ; but then
he knew such snares were set ; nor did
the old man place them there without
his leave. God regulates whatever
happens in the world, and so directs
events, as to reward the virtuous for
the good they do, and punish, on the
other hand, the wicked for their crimes.
And now I recollect, I'll tell you an
instructive story on this subject. The
affair I mean to speak of, struck me in
a way too strongly that it ever should
be blotted out from my remem-
brance.

THO' MEN MAYN'T. 53

FERDINAND.

O! how happy am I not to day!
in having had a walk, so many pears,
and now, a story, as I am to have,
into the bargain!

Mr. SPILSBURY.

"Many years ago, when I was just
about your age, and living with my
father, we had two near neighbours,
on our right and left: the first was
Mr. Damer, and the second Mr.
Newton.

Mr. Damer had a son, whose name,
as I remember was Sylvester; and the
other, one nam'd Alexander.

Close behind our house, and those
of these two neighbours, was a range

54 *GOD SEES US,*

of little gardens, separated from each other by a quick-set hedge.

Sylvester, when alone, would every now and then be flinging stones about him, into all the gardens round his father's, without once reflecting how much mischief he might do. His father caught him in the fact one day, and with severity reprov'd him, threatening, on a repetition of the offence, to punish him. Unhappily, this child had not as yet been taught, or could not be persuaded, he was never to do wrong, not even when alone and no one saw him, because God sees every thing we do. One day, his father being gone from home, and thinking no one overlook'd him, and that therefore no one would chaf-

tise him, he had stuffed his pocket full of great flint stones, and standing in the middle of his garden, was employed in hurling them all round about him indiscriminately.

As it happen'd, Alexander with his father just about that time, were in their garden.

Alexander, like Sylvester, fancied it sufficient to forbear from doing wrong, when overlook'd by others ; but, that being left alone, he was at liberty to do whatever he thought proper.

Mr. Newton, (Alexander's father) had brought out a loaded gun, to shoot the sparrows that were always at his fruit ; and even then, was watch-

ing them behind an arbour. A domestic came to tell him he was wanted in the parlour : he put down the gun, as he imagin'd, safe, with orders that the little boy should not presume to touch it. But as soon as Alexander was alone ; I don't see any harm, says he within himself, there would be, should I play a little with my father's gun ; at which, he laid his hand upon it, and began to exercise, as he had seen the soldiers ; after which, he thought he would *present*, and then *recover* as they say.

The muzzle of the piece was turn'd towards Mr. Damer's garden : at the very moment, he was shutting his left eye, to take the better aim, a flint from young Sylves-

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THO' MEN MAYN'T. 57

ter hit him plump upon that eye; and in his pain and fright, he let the gun fall from him. Some how or another it went off, and instantly, as if the matter had been first of all agreed upon, a cry was heard in both the gardens.

Mr. Newton's son had got his eye beat out, and Mr. Damer's, as unhappily, was wounded in the leg: the one became half blind; the other lame, and in this situation they remain at present."

FERDINAND.

Ah; poor Alexander! poor Syl-
vester! how I pity you!

MR. SPILSBURY.

They were, I must acknowledge, to
be pity'd; but still more their parents,

58 *GOD SEES US,*

having such untoward disobedient children. In reality, to Alexander and Sylvester, 'twas a happiness they met with such an accident.

FERDINAND.

And how, Papa?

MR. SPILSBURY.

I'll tell you how. If God had not so early punished these poor children as he did, they would have still continued to do wrong, when left alone; whereas, by such a terrible example, they were taught that all the ill we do, God sees tho' men may not. The salutary consequences of this lesson were, that they reform'd each other, grew discreet and virtuous, and avoided doing wrong when they were left alone, as carefully as if they had been

THO' MEN MAYN'T. 59

sure the eyes of all the world were on them.

And this also was the merciful design of God, in punishing their sin so grievously ; for this good father never lets affliction fall upon us, but he means to render us the better for it.

FERDINAND.

Here's a leg and eye will make me wise in future. I will always shun bad actions, and do good ones, even tho' none were looking at me.

And so saying, he and Mr. Spilf-bury had both got home.



THE
SELF CORRECTED
STORY-TELLER.

THE little Henry now was fix years old, and never yet had told a falsity. He never had committed any fault, and therefore had no need to hide the truth. When any accident befell him, as to break a pane of glass, or spot his cloaths, he went immediately and told his father, who would always

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THE *SELF-CORRECTED*, &c. 61

be so good as to forgive him, with a caution that in future he should be more careful.

D Henry had a cousin, but a very naughty boy, whose name was Humphry. Humphry came one day to see him; and by way of shewing his attention, Henry made proposals for a game at drafts. His cousin eagerly accepted the proposal, on condition they should play for something. Henry, for a little time, refused; but in the end was wrought upon by Humphry, and in hardly more than thirty minutes, all the money he had many weeks been laying up from his allowance was compleatly gone. Affected with his loss, poor Henry got into a corner, and began to cry; while Hum-

62 THE *SELF CORRECTED*

phry fell a laughing, and went home in triumph, with his spoil.

It was not long before poor Henry's father, who had been from home, returned. He lov'd the child and therefore sent to see him in the parlour. But what ails you, were his words, and what has happen'd? you have sure been crying?

HENRY.

Yes, Papa, because my cousin has been here, and we have play'd at drafts.

THE FATHER.

And what of that? I see no harm done yet, for drafts are a diversion I have given you leave to take; but possibly you play'd for money?

STORY-TELLER. 63

HENRY.

O! no, no, Papa.

THE FATHER.

And why then cry?

HENRY.

Because I wish'd to show my cousin how much money I had saved to buy myself a book. Now I had hid it all behind the great stone post without; and when I put my hand into the hole, 'twas gone. Some person, passing by the gate, has stole it.

Henry's father, some how or another, fancied this recital false; but did not mention his suspicions then. He went that moment to his brother's, and when first he saw the little Humphry, forc'd a smile, beginning in this manner:

64 THE SELF CORRECTED

Well, my child, you have been lucky, haven't you, to day ?

Oh yes, said Humphry, very lucky, Sir !

And what rejoin'd the other, did you win ?

A shilling, said the nephew.

What ! so much ? and did he pay you, Humphry ?

Doubtless, uncle ; I have got it in my pocket.

Notwithstanding Henry had deserved a grievous punishment, his father thought it not amiss to pardon the first falsity he had been guilty of ; and therefore only told him with a scornful tone of voice, that since he knew he had a liar in his house, he would

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STORY-TELLER. 65

tell all the servants never to believe him, whatsoever he should say.

Some few days after, Henry went in turn to visit Humphry, and pull'd out a handsome pencil case, his sister had presented him at Christmas. Humphry wish'd to have it, and in change would have been glad to give him every thing he had, his ball, his top, and rackets; but as Henry, he observ'd, would not part with it, he began to play the bully, put his arms a-kimbo, and advancing towards him, said: The pencil-case is mine; I lost it at your house, or else you stole it. Henry, to no purpose, earnestly protested 'twas his sister's present. Humphry quickly let him see he meant to

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66 THE SELF CORRECTED

force it from him, and as Henry grasp'd it with both hands, he clos'd upon him, threw him down, got over him, and with his double-fist so pommell'd Henry in the face, that he was forc'd to yield the case.

Poor Henry being treated in this manner, posted home, his nose all over blood, and half his hair pull'd off. —Papa, Papa, said he, as soon as he had got within his father's hearing, look how I have been used ! The naughty Humphry has this moment robb'd me of my pencil-case, and handled me as you may see.

But far from pitying him, his father answer'd : Go, you liar, you have lost your pencil-case at drafts, and to deceive me, smear'd your nose with

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STORY-TELLER. 67

mulberry juice, and put your hair into disorder. Henry solemnly protested to no purpose, he spoke only truth. I cannot credit, said the father, one who has already proved himself a liar.

Henry, quite confounded, went away into his chamber, and bewail'd most bitterly the consequences of his first untruth. Next day he begg'd permission to appear before his father, and implor'd forgiveness. I acknowledge, he began, how wicked I have been, in seeking to deceive you with a falsehood once : but dear Papa, let me entreat you to give up your resolution of believing me no longer, when I even speak the truth.


68 THE SELF CORRECTED, &c.

His father told me t'other day, that from that moment, Henry had not let the least untruth escape him ; and that therefore he had recompenc'd his son's veracity by trusting him implicitly. He never look'd for protestations from him. 'Twas sufficient Henry barely told him any thing that he should take it for as great a certainty as if himself had seen it.

What a satisfaction this to be experienced by a tender father, and a son so worthy of him !

MA
BET
Carolin

Not


OH THE UGLY BEAUTY!

OUT UPON HER!

MARGARET, ELIZABETH.

MARGARET.

BETSY, have you seen my sister
Caroline's new dog?

ELIZABETH.

Not yet, dear Cousin.

70 OH THE UGLY BEAUTY!

MARGARET.

~~You~~ You have then a pleasure still to come: Why she's the drollest little creature in the world!

ELIZABETH.

Indeed? and what's her name?

MARGARET.

Would you believe it? — BEAUTY.

ELIZABETH.

That's a pretty name indeed!

MARGARET.

O, Cousin, she's much prettier than her name.

ELIZABETH.

And how is she so very pretty?

MARGARET.

First, she's hardly bigger — see
(closing her hand) than this.

OUT UPON HER. 71

ELIZABETH.

I love a little dog.

MARGARET.

And then, one don't know what to take her for—a greyhound or a spaniel.

ELIZABETH.

That's quite funny, I protest!

MARGARET.

If you could only see her tail; 'tis like a bow-pot; and her ears that sweep the ground; and then her long, long hair, as soft as silk, that curls about her eyes and muzzle; and the whee whee little tiny face that peeps out underneath it; O, she's quite a picture!

72 *OH THE UGLY BEAUTY!*

ELIZABETH.

Is she black or white?

MARGARET.

She's neither black nor white, but something of a coffee colour.

ELIZABETH.

Ah! that makes me think of what I like for breakfast. I don't get it frequently.—They hardly ever give me any thing but milk.

MARGARET.

What milk, and nothing else?

ELIZABETH.

And bread: that's all. But let's return to Beauty.

MARGARET.

Why she knows more tricks than any Scaramouch: They've taught her to

OUT UPON HER! 73

hold out her paw; and she distinguishes the right hand from the left. If any one throws down a glove, she'll run and bring it to the owner, without ever being wrong

ELIZABETH.

You don't say so?

MARGARET.

And then, she makes believe she's dead: she lies down on her side, and don't get up again without a signal from my sister. If you put a garden stick between her paws, she'll be a sentry, and mount guard: but what's still best of all, she'll dance a minuet as well as Madame Simonet!

74 OH THE UGLY BEAUTY!

ELIZABETH.

Well now, that's wondrous, and she must sure have had a charming education! but pray Peggy, tell me, is she gentle and good-natured?

MARGARET.

Why, I can't say much as to that, for when she sees a stranger in the house, she'll bark and snarl like mad: and one can hardly hinder her from running in between his legs to bite him.

ELIZABETH.

That's the very thing at night, if she were to keep the house!

MARGARET.

And sometimes too, she'll take it in her head to go and teaze papa's great

OUT UPON HER! 75

dog, without occasion : and she never sees him eating any thing, but instantly she'll run and snatch it from him if she can : but Jowler luckily's exceedingly good natur'd !

ELIZABETH.

How ! and does she do all this ?

MARGARET.

Yes, truly.

ELIZABETH.

And you call her *Beauty* ?

MARGARET.

She's so funny and genteel !

ELIZABETH.

Go Peggy—I should never fancy her, however funny and genteel she

76 OH THE UGLY BEAUTY! &c.
may be ; for Papa has often told me,
a bad heart makes every body fright-
ful— *Oh the ugly BEAUTY ! Out upon*
her !

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THE

VIRTUOUS SON.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

GILES, *a husbandman.*

MARGERY, *his wife.*

PATTY, *their daughter.*

HENRY, *her brother, lately made a
Captain of dragoons.*

URSULA, *Giles's neighbour.*

COLIN, *her son.*

BONIFACE, *the parish curate and a
schoolmaster.*

A recruiting SERGEANT, SOLDIERS,
and PEASANTS.

*The scene is a grass-plat, before Giles's
Cottage.*

XX

VI

I Did
'Tis no
passed
What
quiet in
Ah Pat

THE
VIRTUOUS SON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

COLIN.

I Did not see her yesterday all day.

'Tis now above a year ago, since I have
passed twelve hours without her.

What has happen'd? Every thing is
quiet in her father's cottage here.

Ah Patty! Can you sleep in peace and

80 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

know how much I suffer ! Has she
ceas'd to love me ? Has she got ano-
ther sweet-heart ? Truly I'm afraid
she has. Ah Patty ! Patty !

PATTY (*entering and counterfeiting
him.*)

And ah Colin ! Colin ! Well then,
here I am.

[COLIN.

You're mighty merry, Patty !

PATTY.

And are you displeas'd that I am
glad to see you ?

COLIN.

Certainly, you would not have been
glad to see me yesterday, and that's
what made me miss you at the re-
deavour.

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 81

PATTY.

And are you angry with me? Do you think I haven't been as sorry upon that account as you?

COLIN.

Have you indeed been sorry Patty? Then am I as merry now, as I was sorrowful before: but what prevented you from coming?

PATTY.

Wasn't it the 6th day of the month? the day my brother's letter always comes?

COLIN.

Yes, I remember now.

PATTY.

Well then, I went at 4 o'clock as usual to the post, that I might fetch

82 *THE VIRTUOUS SON.*

the letter; after which, I meant to be with you. The people at the post-house bid me wait, because the mail was not come in. I staid with great impatience, and my father, wondering what I stopp'd for, came to seek me. In a quarter of an hour my mother follow'd him, for we were all alike impatient. Could I leave them? We all waited, night came on, and then they said, the post would not arrive till morning. Upon which we went away, quite sorry for our dis-appointments. Could I leave my parents all alone in such vexation, to be running after you, dear Colin?—Only think yourself, and tell me—could I do so?

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 83

COLIN.

No indeed, sweet Patty ; and you're always in the right ; so pray forgive me : but why now so much impatience ? and where, tell me, would you go ?

PATTY.

Why, where unless to get the letter, if the post's come in ! They're both at home in such a taking ! so much do they love my brother, and my brother them !

COLIN.

And you, dear Patty, do you love me too ?

PATTY.

My brother, who was lately but a

84 *THE VIRTUOUS SON.*

common foldier, and is now a Captain!

COLIN.

True ; but Patty——

PATTY.

And has fifty, or a hundred, or two hundred men—dragoons, I think they call them—under his command!

COLIN.

Indeed, he's very happy ; but——

PATTY.

And looks so fine a horse-back, in his gold lace clothes !—Ah Colin, let me tell you—'tis a charming thing to be a captain !—yes ! a captain ! only think of that !

COLIN.

Alas ! I think but too much of it. He'll perhaps now blush to call me

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 85

a relation, that have neither gold lace clothes, nor soldiers under my command.

PATTY.

No, Colin; don't afflict yourself without a cause: my brother honours and respects the way of life, by which my father, as you know, has been maintain'd these sixty years. It would have been his own, but that by accident he left the plough; and he will never wish to have a husband for his sister out of any other.

COLIN.

Dearest Patty, how you charm me!

GILES (*entering.*)

What! come back already? Well,

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86 *THE VIRTUOUS SON.*

and where's the letter?—give it me: quick, quick.

PATTY.

The letter, father! I have not been to the office yet.

GILES.

And stay here chattering!

PATTY.

I was going when you came, and will be sure to make what haste I can.—Come Colin: run you with me.

GILES.

Yes indeed you're very likely then to come back soon: however, now I think on't, go: but don't amuse yourselves in trifling by the way: and Patty, as you go, bid Mr. Boniface good-morrow, and desire he'd come

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 87

and read the letter you're to bring me:—Bid him come this minute.

S C E N E II.

GILES (alone.)

WHAT uneasiness this late arrival of the post occasions me! I was not able to enjoy a wink of sleep all night, or comfort my poor wife. Dear son! what pleasure and anxiety by turns, your love gives birth to!

MARGERY (entering.)

Well, dear husband, is not then this letter come? I can't describe how many fears torment me.

88 *THE VIRTUOUS SON.*

GILES.

Dearest Margery, don't be more uneasy than you need: we shall have quickly some intelligence, and see him very soon; I'm certain of it. I make mention of him every night and morning in my prayers to God.

MARGERY.

But he's a soldier, husband, and a soldier is not sure a single moment, of his life. How much that thought distracts me! Often, when his letters are read over to us, and you think I weep for joy, I'm weeping, on the other hand, with sorrow. 'Tis methinks the last he is to write, and then, this money too he sends us; I can hardly touch it, but my heart is rent within me, and I say in private to

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 89

myself, 'tis with this money we receive, the country, whose prosperity he fights for, buys his blood, which possibly may be this moment spilling; and can we, who are his parents, spend it at our ease? Dear Johnny, when shall we have peace?

GILES.

You know, they tell us, 'tis already signed, and absolutely that the regiments sent abroad are now upon their passage home to England.

MARGERY.

Oh! if that were true!

GILES.

It is so, wife, you may be certain: peace will be proclaim'd before there's time to doubt it, and our Henry, then, if not much sooner, will come home,

90 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

and quarter in some neighbouring village, whither we shall take a walk to see him once a week.

MARGERY (*overjoyed.*)

Once, husband? twice or three times. Once is not enough. What joy to see him! but who knows, if we shall recollect him?

GILES.

Recollect him? I shall surely recollect him! What my son!

MARGERY.

Ay, ay; but like an officer in gold lace cloaths, remember with an epaulet, I think they call it, on his shoulder, and a fine silk sash about his middle!

BONIFACE (*entering.*)

Neighbour Margery, good morrow.

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 91

Honest Giles, how fares it ?

GILES and MARGERY (*taking him
by the hand.*)

Thank your Reverence.

BONIFACE.

What, and so you've got another
letter from your son ? where is it ?
let me read it to you.

GILES.

We have not got it from the post-
house yet : and I'm so out of pa-
tience !—

BONIFACE.

Oh, I easily believe you ; tho' 'twere
only for the honour of receiving some-
thing from a Captain : but how is it
he has got so high ? I want the thing
cleared up ; for, how it chanced I
know not, but the Exciseman read

92 *THE VIRTUOUS SON.*

you the last letter you received from Henry. I was never sent for.

MARGERY.

How! you haven't heard it, Mr. Boniface! Oh tell him husband.

BONIFACE.

Yes; let's have it neighbour Giles.

GILES.

The long and short of the affair was this: the regiment Henry served in, at the last engagement there — near — plague upon it! — I can never recollect the name — had got into a narrow pass, and almost all the officers were either kill'd or wounded. Henry had received a musket ball himself, but that he did not mind. He got together upwards of three hundred men,

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 93

as well as he was able, led them towards the enemy, and fell upon them sword in hand: he had a horse kill'd under him; he got another, and by great good fortune, cleared the pass in safety; but with only fifty men. His General was informed of this, and made him Cornet first, and twelve days after Captain, with assurance of his future friendship: this is what our Henry did,

BONIFACE.

Oh neighbour, as to that, I recollect he was a clever youth at school. When all the other children of the village were at play, 'twas Henry led the band, and when he chanced to quarrel with them, it was always Henry gave the hardest knocks; he had

94 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

a spirit in him, neighbour Giles ;
and all this courage, I can tell you,
was quite natural to him !

GILES (*with a smile.*)

Wasn't it ?

PATTY (*running in.*)

Here father, mother, here's the
letter here ! here ! here ! And here's
your money for the month—no less
than forty shillings.

GILES.

Forty shillings ? not so much. A
guinea, dont you mean ?

PATTY.

No, no : the master of the post-
house having read *his* letter likewise,
told me out the money twice : Here,
sweet-heart, here said he, are forty
shillings, for your father.

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 95

GILES.

Oh the brave, brave boy ! We could have done, however with a guinea.

PATTY.

And there's wine too father ! so he told me : four and twenty bottles.

BONIFACE.

Four and twenty bottles !

PATTY.

Yes ; for turning to his man, who has the great blue nose, (you know him father,) go, said he, down stairs, this moment, and let four and twenty bottles of the best red port be put into a hamper — four and twenty, so I think (said he) the letter says, and then he looked again into it.—Colin stays behind to bring the hamper.

96 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

BONIFACE.

A whole hamper full of wine !

GILES.

There's some of it for you, my friend : but in the mean time, we must drink a little, while you're reading to us. Go good Margery and fetch the bottle.—Yesterday I put it in the closet.—And dy'e hear, three glasses with a bit of something for a relish. In the mean time Patty, do you bring us here a table and three chairs—make haste.

MARGERY and PATTY (*going*)

But Mr. Boniface, don't read the letter, pray, till we come back.

BONIFACE.

Fine counsel ! why, I have not eat a bit to day, and can't read fasting.

SCENE III.

GILES, BONIFACE. (*Patty going backward and forward.*)

GILES.

OPEN, open, notwithstanding Mr. Boniface: However, we'll not read it without Margery; but I am anxious to be told; what Henry says about the peace, and if he thinks of coming home.

BONIFACE.

Opinion of the peace! they talk indeed about it; but for my part, I suppose it all a bubble: the recruiting service still goes on: and then, no later than this very morning, a re-

98 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

cruiting serjeant and some soldiers came into the village, meaning to beat up for volunteers.

GILES.

For volunteers !

BONIFACE.

And then, the want of soldiers makes them somewhat violent : They say they'll force into the service every proper man they meet with. When I heard thus much, I couldn't possibly help thinking of your son-in-law that will be. Have an eye to Colin, master Giles, they'll fancy him a tight limb'd fellow.

PATTY (*having first drawn nigh to hear.*)

Bless me, Mr. Boniface ! what's that you say of Colin ?

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 99

GILES.

Oh don't fear about it, Patty : he's exempt you know. However, 'twould not be amiss to give him notice; therefore run good girl and meet him: you shall know what Henry says when you come back.

PATTY.

Yes, yes.

S C E N E IV.

GILES, BONIFACE.

GILES:

AND now let's open: Margery will soon return, and I can tell her what you've read; for I am so impatient!

BONIFACE. (*opening the letter*)

So I judge—What handsome wri-

100 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

ting, and how legible!—Ah rogue;
'twas I that taught you, notwithstanding. (*he begins to read*)

“Dearest father.”

GILES. (*advancing nearer Mr. Boniface.*)

O brave boy!

BONIFACE. (*reading.*)

“As peace is now concluded”—

GILES.

Heaven be prais'd! we have it then
at last. How glad this news will
make my poor dear wife!

BONIFACE. (*reading.*)

“This is the last letter I shall send
from camp, which brings an order for
your month's allowance with a little
more; and some good wine to comfort
both your hearts.”—

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 101

GILES. (*affectionately.*)

Dear youth!

BONIFACE (*reading.*)

“ Since last I wrote you, I have had much greater pleasure than I ever tasted in my life ; and I must tell you what”—

GILES. (*joyfully.*)

By all means so.

BONIFACE. (*reading.*)

“ My general yesterday invited me to dinner”—

GILES.

What ! invited him to dinner ! How the other officers, I warrant you, sur-vey'd him !—Well and then ?—

BONIFACE (*reading.*)

“ Convers'd a great deal with me,

202 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

prais'd my late behaviour, and at last enquir'd about my family, and who my father was." —

GILES.

How, how! his general stoop so low as that! And what then was his answer? I'd know that; so quick my dear good Mr. Boniface!

BONIFACE. (*reading.*)

"I told him both your name, and where you lived; that you were nothing but a labourer in the fields, and yet I said I would not change you for any other father in the world, whatever his condition."

GILES (*lifting up his hands.*)

Gracious Heaven! I think I hear him.

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 103

BONIFACE. (*reading.*)

“ My affection for you mov’d the general: so he took his glass and drank your health to all the company, enjoining me to let you know it, with assurance of his friendship.”

GILES. (*leaping with joy.*)

Is that possible!—His general, Mr. Boniface!—Some prince I warrant you!

BONIFACE.

And as you heard, he drank your health.

GILES. (*running towards the cottage door.*)

Wife, wife; let every thing alone, dear Margery, and come this moment hither.

104 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

MARGERY. (*from within.*)

What's the matter, life?

GILES.

Why come, and then I'll tell you.

—Come, I say; come quickly.

S C E N E V.

GILES, BONIFACE, MARGERY.

GILES. (*bugging Margery.*)

OH my dear good Margery, what
a son we have!

MARGERY. (*putting down the wine
and glasses, with a piece of ham upon
the table, before Boniface, and which
this last lays hold of, without mind-
ing either Giles or Margery*)

But what's the matter, husband?

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 105

I shall die with expectation. Is the peace—

GILES.

The peace! Lord help you! this is quite another matter, for our Henry tells us he has been invited by his general to dinner, when he ask'd about our village and myself, and Henry said I was but a poor labourer in the fields, but that he would not change me for any other father in the world. — (I weep for joy while I am telling it) — On which the general drank my health, and wish'd I might be told he did so, with assurance of his friendship. Yes dear wife, 'tis so; and therefore, we must drink *his* health. So here wife, take you this, and you our worthy curate this; and I'll have this: and

106 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

now let's hob and nob together. (*he pulls off his hat and they all cry out at once*)

Long life and happiness attend our noble general!

BONIFACE.

Fegs, he hasn't better wine to drink than this!

GILES.

And now, an't please your reverence, I could wish you'd write my son a letter, telling him we have, as it became us, done his General justice; with our thanks, and mentioning, I love him heartily. At least, don't fail of that; or what if you should write directly to the general himself?

BONIFACE.

Well; another time of that.

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 107

MARGERY.

But if the peace, my love is settled—

GILES.

If? no doubt 'tis settled: doesn't Henry tell us so?

MARGERY, (*leaning upon Giles's arm.*)

He will return then soon!—He won't sure fail to come and see us.—We shall see him too ourselves.

GILES.

Peace, wife; the letter, I suppose, will tell us that.

MARGERY.

If he should come before his sister's marriage, it would be a double pleasure then.

GILES.

Be patient, and don't interrupt us.

108 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

Mr. Boniface will be so good as to go on.

MARGERY.

Yes, Mr. Boniface, go on ; for possibly 'twill tell us something else as well.

BONIFACE. (*humming to himself, while finding out the passage he left off at.—Margery draws nigher and appears to listen eagerly.*)

“Invited me to dinner”—where did I leave off?—“and drank your health”—“assurance of his friendship”—Oh I have it now : (*he reads*) “enjoining me to let you know it, with assurance of his friendship. ’Twas impossible I could contain my-gratitude ; so up I got, and”—

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 109

PATTY (*running in.*)

Help ! Help !—father !—help !—
the foldiers !—

GILES.

What's the matter ?

MARGERY (*running hastily to Patty.*)

Don't be frightened, Patty ; what
has happened to you ?

PATTY.

It has happened all to Colin—They
have got him !

GILES.

Who ?

PATTY.

The Soldiers.

BONIFACE.

What, and all the wine as well ?

MARGERY.

Oh Heaven ! what a misfortune !

110 *THE VIRTUOUS SON.*

GILES.

Got him ! so they use then force, when they must know the peace is settled. I suspect some knavery in this.

PATTY.

But go, dear father ; go and see if you can get him off. You are to be his father soon, as well as you are mine at present, and the serjeant will have some respect for you, I'm sure ; for all the world respects you.

GILES.

All the world ! — Poor Patty ! as if all the world were living in our village !

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 111

SCENE VI.

GILES, BONIFACE, MARGERY,
PATTY, URSULA.

URSULA.

I Am lost ! undone ! and ruin'd ! I
am dead with grief !

MARGERY.

Alas ! I pity you good Ursula ; at
least, if Henry now were present, he
might be of service to us.

GILES.

My good woman, be of comfort, be
of comfort : the misfortune is not
possibly so great as you imagine : they
won't surely think of taking from the
plough an only son : that never yet was
heard of. I'll go talk a little to them.

PATTY.

And I'll go too and entreat and weep
till they restore him.

S C E N E VII.

MARGERY, BONIFACE.

MARGERY.

WHY will not old age permit my
going with them too? but you, good
Mr. Boniface, that talk so properly,
why don't *you* go and *speechify* among
them?

BONIFACE.

Oh, no, no. My duty bids me take
compassion on the most afflicted; so I
stay with you.

MAR.

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 113

MARGERY (*with signs of apprehension.*)

What noise is that I hear already in the village? Come what will, pray Heaven no accident befall my good old man: For my sake, Mr. Boniface, pray go and see.

BONIFACE.

Do you consider what you say? —
I go and see?

MARGERY.

You are a man they want among them, Sir, a man of learning.

BONIFACE.

Yes! and so much, upon that account alone, the worse. Those varlets think it sport to smother us men of learning. Mind your prayer-book, Mr. Warson, they would say. Besides

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114 *THE VIRTUOUS SON.*

I'm somewhat passionate, and who can tell what possibly might happen. No, no, Margery, I never shall go thrust my nose —

MARGERY.

Are you our friend then, Mr. Boniface, and yet won't give us your assistance?

BONIFACE.

But be reasonable, my good Margery, and think a little on my situation. I can give you what advice and consolation you think proper, both in Greek and Latin, just as well as English, were it needful: But assistance — to give that, you know is not my office.

MARGERY.

I could never have expected this

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 115

from you ; and I must hobble then myself to find them out, as well as I am able. *She goes out.*

BONIFACE (*alone.*)

Yes indeed, to go and thrust myself amidst such company ! I have but twenty sprat-like urchins in my school, and they are struggling with me all day long. How then shall I come off among a troop of lobster-looking soldiers ? I shall have no rods to keep them under.—'Twill be best to finish, I believe, this bottle, and the letter likewise.—I am curious to know every thing.—(*he fills his glass, and hums the letter over to himself.*)

H 2

116 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

(aloud)

“The 6th ” Oh, that was yesterday.—

“The 7th ” arrive in England ?
(*he swallows down his wine*) there's not an instant to be lost. (*he fills his glass a second time, and drinks.*) I'll run and call them. (*fills and drinks again.*) Every minute's precious. (*he looks through the bottle, and finding it empty, sets a running and cries out.*) Neighbour Giles.—Soho—Soho !—They're too far off to hear me : but no matter ; for this news will reconcile me, when I please, to Gossip Margery : And what a pity it would be to quarrel with such honest people, who have just received no less than four and twenty bottles of red wine !

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

GILES, MARGERY, URSULA, PATTY,
the SERJEANT with COLIN, and
SOLDIERS, followed by PEASANTS.

The SERJEANT (*to his Soldiers.*)

BRING him here.— Come, come,
what means this whimpering ?

The PEASANTS (*one after another.*)

Take the only son remaining of a
family ! No, no ; the service does not
need such cruelty.

118 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

The SERJEANT.

And how should *you* know what the service needs ! (*striking his pocket*) I've my orders here, and that's enough for me.

The PEASANTS (*one after another.*)

Your orders ! and what orders ? There is nothing said about it in your orders.—It was never order'd you to tear away a widow's only son, and leave his mother's field uncultivated.

GILES (*beckoning the Peasants to be silent.*)

My dear Sir, hear *me* a little. With good words perhaps, we may do something.

The SERJEANT.

With good words !—That's all I want.—Come then and let us see

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 119

what weight your words are of.

GILES.

Why lookye, Mr. Serjeant, I sincerely love my country. Yes, with all my heart ! and if I were not sure the peace is settled, and all further want of men impossible, or if the country were in such a situation as to need this violence in the recruiting service—

The SERGEANT.

What does all this nonsense mean ?
And have you nothing else to say ?

GILES.

But only hear me Mr. Sergeant.
The SERJEANT (*leaning on his cane.*)

Well !

H 4

320 *THE VIRTUOUS SON.*

GILES.

This youth is my intended son-in-law ; and he's an only child. But notwithstanding, if the country were in danger, I would be the first to bid you take him with you. What could be so glorious for him as by fighting to preserve his country. Take me likewise, I would say ; my head indeed is grey, and as you may observe, my forehead wrinkled : I am not, however, yet so old and broken down, but I can fight in some degree like other men. The glory my own son has got in arms, inspires me with new vigour. I will fight as long as I have hands to hold a gun ; and when through age and weariness, I must give over, I'll exhort the young

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 121

about me, to act bravely. Should I see a coward run away, I'll throw myself across his passage, so that he shall not escape without first treading on the body of a poor old man. —Yes, Mr. Serjeant, on my soul, thus much at least, and further I would say, if circumstances needed it.

The SERGEANT.

And I, old man, would say you don't know what you talk about.

GILES (*taking a step forward.*)

But Mr. Serjeant, since it comes to this, your conduct possibly may cost you dear.—If you assume the master, we perhaps, shall some where or another, Sir, find your's. And if my son, the Captain —

122 *THE VIRTUOUS SON.*

The SERJEANT.

What your son a Captain! ah, ah, ah! but had you half a dozen, and all captains, I should tell you nothing else, than this: that I must have young Colin, as you call him, or else money.

GILES.

What Sir, is it then your orders to take money? and to take it also from the King's good subjects?

The SERJEANT.

Aye, as he would do; except that I am at the trouble of collecting it myself. So mind me, four good pounds, or he must march.

GILES.

Four pounds! and has the village got so much to give?

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 123

MARGERY.

For pity's sake, good Mr. Serjeant.

The SERJEANT.

Pity ! just as if we soldiers minded pity ! were you but abroad, in Germany, or France, you'd find things there much worse. They'd take your money, and your ears to boot.

MARGERY (*struck with horror.*)

Oh Heavens !

The SERJEANT.

I say too pity !—Pity in a camp !—

They'd break you legs and arms there in a crack ; they do it daily—
So good Gaffer, I allow you twenty minutes and then — Money or your son-in-law. — Beat drum—You hear village
—March.

124 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

S C E N E II.

GILES, MARGERY, URSULA, PATTY,
and the PEASANTS.

PATTY (*to Ursula.*)

Take my arm good mother, and I'll
help you to go after: for the sake of
Heaven, let's follow.

GILES (*to the Peasants.*)

And you also, my dear friends,
don't leave poor Colin. (*they all go
out, but Giles and Margery.*)

MARGERY.

Oh my patience! Heaven! what
cruelty! shall we have never then
one whole day's happiness!

GILES.

It seems then, Mr. Boniface, that
you deserted us in our necessity.

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 123

BONIFACE (*entering seemingly out of breath.*)

I think you treat *me* finely! I've been running after you these fifteen minutes.

GILES.

What's the matter? you appear quite joyous. I suppose you haven't heard they won't release poor Colin.

BONIFACE.

Won't — they won't release him!
—Well I'll find a way to make them
—Here 'tis (*striking the letter*) Neighbour Giles. Yes here, good Margery, in the Captain's letter.

MARGERY.

In the Captain's letter!

BONIFACE.

Yes, and you shall hear it. Why

126 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

(would you believe it!) Henry's coming home, and he'll be here to-day.

GILES.

To-day! you don't say so?

BONIFACE.

There's nothing truer. Only hear. *(he reads)* "Our regiment also has it's orders to come home. And on the 6th of August, will the vessel, with my troop on board, if wind and weather be but favourable, anchor at Southampton. Every thing is settled for the march and embarkation: so that on the 6th I shall have landed and be near your village."—Do you understand friend Giles, the 6th?

GILES.

Good Heaven! is't possible!

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 127

MARGERY.

But Mr. Boniface, the 6th was yesterday ; and yet he is not here.

BONIFACE.

Wait, wait : there's something else.
(*he reads*) "or at the latest, on the 7th and very early in the morning. As I shall not then be three miles from you, I'll ride on before my troop, and come and see you. I shall have the pleasure of beholding some few minutes, and embracing you, and my dear mother."

GILES.

But the wind ?

BONIFACE.

That also has been favourable. I've enquired, and he will certainly be here.

128 *THE VIRTUOUS SON.*

GILES (*going.*)

What joy ! what joy ! I'll run and meet him ; or at least get on to John-son's meadow, and the moment he appears in sight, cry out My son ! my son !

MARGERY.

But don't however leave me, my good man ? for how shall I come after you, that am so weak ? and would you have him think, I love him less than you do ?

BONIFACE.

Yes, yes, my good friend, stay here ; and let me have your forty shillings.—Quick.

GILES.

But, why my forty shillings ?

BONI

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 129

BONIFACE.

To detain the serjeant, as a sum in
part of those four pounds he asks ; and
and when the Captain comes—

GILES.

Oh now now I understand you !
there they are then, my dear friend :
So run and see what you can do, for
I can only think of Henry now.

(Boniface goes out.)

MARGERY.

At least, my dearest, stay you here ;
I could not possibly remain without
you. 'Twill be best to climb the
little hill, here just before us. You'll
be able to discover him from thence a
great deal sooner.

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130 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

GILES.

Right my love—but I'm not perfectly myself: my blood boils over in my veins with joy and expectation!

MARGERY. (*while Giles climbs up the hill.*)

He is, after all then, coming back! Oh Heavens! And we shall once more see him after such a long long separation. How my heart beats in me! I was very happy when he came into the world; but now, am much more so.—Well, well, my dear good man, do you, as yet, see any thing?

GILES.

Not yet, dear wife: the sun-dazzles me.

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 131

MARGERY, (*with a hobble, as if meaning to go up the hill.*)

Heaven grant our expectation be not disappointed! But come down, and let me have your hand, and get up too. I'm sure I shall see further off than you.

GILES.

Wait, wait: I see a cloud of dust.—'Tis possibly a herd of cattle.—Oh, no no!—I see 'em now.—They're soldiers.—Yes,—they're coming round the hill.—How bright their firelocks are, and how their horses crowd on one another!—Here they come, dear wife,

MARGERY.

And Henry!

I

132 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

GILES.

Henry, I don't see as yet.

MARGERY.

Stay, stay : *(she attempts in vain to climb the hill.)*.

GILES.

But who comes tow'rds us, galloping so fast?—He's got into the village! *(throwing up his hat)*—Henry! Henry!—he himself!—I know him.—Run wife, run and meet him at the turn:—he's coming round.—He has got already off his horse.

MARGERY.

Great God! I shall expire with joy. *(She goes out as fast as she is able; and two voices very soon are heard, that say, My child! my mother!)*

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 133

S C E N E III.

GILES MARGERY, and HENRY.

HENRY, (*entering with his mother, at the moment Giles is down the hill.*)

MY worthy father! (*they embrace.*)

GILES.

My dear son!—Once, once again.
(*they embrace a second time*). 'Tis now,
I feel I am a child in point of strength.
I can't dear Henry, clasp you to my
heart as closely as I wish to do.—But,
what of that? my tears will tell you
what I cannot otherwise express—that
you return and find a grateful father
in me.

134 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

MARGERY (*putting one hand upon Henry's shoulder, and with the other, laying hold of his.*)

Yes, indeed, my Henry ; and a grateful mother too in me.

HENRY.

Why do you talk of gratitude, my dearest parents ? It is you then that are under obligations to your son ?

GILES.

Yes, yes ; I'll make it known to all the world that you have paid us much more back than ever we bestow'd on you : for you are all our consolation, all the comfort of a father and a mother's age. You lengthen both our days.

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 135

MARGERY.

And these are obligations we can never pay you for.

HENRY.

And to bestow such obligations, as you call them, is it not to lay the greatest on myself? Would all my happiness be any to me, if the love I cherish for you did not move me to divide it with you? Yes, my dearest parents, be persuaded I have never ceas'd to have you in my thoughts, as those to whom I stand indebted, for whatever I possess. Whenever any thing fell out to make me happy, I considered it as nothing with relation to myself. The greatest pleasure it afforded me, arose from my reflecting

136 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

how much joy it would occasion you. But still, of every joy I have experienc'd all my life, there never yet was one so precious and affecting to my heart, as this I now partake of, seeing you in tears—of pleasure, as my own are. (*he takes them each by the hand, and with affection gazes on them both by turns.*) Oh my honest parents, I can never satisfy myself with gazing on you: but endeavour to compose yourselves. I cannot stay at present with you long. On what do you subsist? How pass your time? And where's my sister that I left behind me in her cradle? Let me see her.

GILES.

Patty likewise makes us very happy, and we think of marrying her, if you

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 137

approve the bridegroom : but I'll run and fetch her. (*going some steps and then returning*) I am notwithstanding in a deal of trouble for the bridegroom : and 'tis necessary I should first inform you—

MARGERY.

Possibly, had you not come thus fortunately, Patty would have been exceedingly unhappy. Her intended—

GILES.

—Has been taken from us by a serjeant, who is luckily still here : he waits, before he'll give the bridegroom up, for money, which I promis'd he should have ; in hopes you'd come before the hour of payment. Oh, how fortunately you're arriv'd !

138 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

HENRY.

Go father, and entice the serjeant hither ; but without a word of me : nor let my sister know she's sent for by her brother.

GILES.

How shall I be silent, when I'd rather cry to every one I meet : He's here ! he's here ! (*he goes out.*)

HENRY, (*looking round about him ; after which, he takes his mother by the hand.*)

How charming this poor habitation ! 'Tis not till this moment I have ever fully recollected where I first drew breath. There is the cottage I have long'd so often to behold ; here too, the grass-plat we so frequently sat down on, with our neigh-

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 139

bours in the summer evenings, and yon hill, the spot whereon I was accustomed to unbend myself in sport. Sweet season of my childish years! of every thing, I see about me, there's no object, mother, but recalls some mark of your affection to my memory. But what means your silence?

MARGERY.

Do you wonder I don't speak? My joy's so great, dear son, it cannot issue from my heart; and I would gladly be alone, that I might weep entirely at my ease.—Besides too I can't help supposing—

HENRY.

What? hide not your thoughts, dear

140 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

mother, from me, What were you about to say?

MARGERY.

That you are not our equal any longer, but above us.

HENRY.

Why that thought? banish it from your heart. Are not the ties of nature that subsist between us, stronger than all other ties? and should they not be always sacred to me? Isn't it a certainty there are not in the world two hearts that love me with such tenderness as your's, and should not mine then be affected in the same degree tow'ards you? (*he embraces her*) Think therefore, mother, I still love you with as much sincerity as ever.

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 141

MARGERY.

Yes, my son, I *do* think so! and in reality I have deserved you should. I have been always thinking of you, and my dreams were only the continuation of my waking thoughts. How many days and nights, alas! have I not pass'd in sorrow, fearing I might never see my child again!

SCENE IV.

MARGERY, HENRY and PATTY.

PATTY (*running to her Mother, without seeing Henry.*)

WHAT's the matter, mother? Can you tell me, why my father bade me

142 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

hasten hither? (*perceiving Henry*)

Ah! an officer!

HENRY (*aside to Margery.*)

Is this my sister? (*Margery gives him to understand she is; and Henry offers to salute her, saying*) Charming---

PATTY (*keeping him off.*)

Mr. Officer—Oh fie!

MARGERY.

Oh fie! and to your brother, Patty?

HENRY (*to Margery.*)

How she views me! (*to Patty*) yes, dear Patty to your brother: and a brother, I persuade myself, you love.

PATTY.

What, mother! is this fine dress'd officer my brother Henry?

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 143

HENRY (*embracing her.*)

Amiable simplicity !

PATTY (*running to her Mother over-joy'd.*)

Dear mother, we have nothing I suppose then, now to fear, and Colin will stay with us, won't he ?

(*Enter Giles, Boniface, Ursula, and the Serjeant with Colin, and his Soldiers, followed by the Peasants.*)

GILES.

Lookye, Mr. Serjeant : here's the gentleman will give you those four pounds we spoke of.

The SERJEANT.

Ah, who's this ? an officer !

(*Patty runs to Colin : and the Peasants look at one another, glanc-*

144 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

*ing at the Officer, while they are given
to understand he's Giles's son.)*

GILES.

Yes, yes, my friends, tis he, my dear son Henry ; he, the younger of you have so often play'd with ; therefore, if you love old Giles, rejoice as much as I do. How can one tongue only utter words enough to tell the joy so good a son's return must give me !

HENRY (*to the Serjeant.*)

You have us'd here violence it seems, my friend : where are your orders ?

The SERJEANT.

Here good Captain.

HENRY.

I observe your regiment : but what company do you belong to ?

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 145

The SERJEANT.

Captain Mafon's.

HENRY.

And you dare produce such orders?
I am well acquainted with your captain, and I know you likewise. What was your intention? To force money from the king's good subjects, and then take advantage of a sea-port town to get on board some vessel, and be off in safety with your booty?

The SERJEANT (*suppliantly*).
Noble Captain—

HENRY.

Peace, Marauder! you have scandaliz'd the liberal profession of a soldier, by employing it to plunder more securely; and 'tis time you should be

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146 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

punish'd. (*To the peasants*) Seize him with his partners, and take care to have them brought before a magistrate: he'll do you justice. — (*the serjeant and his soldiers are carried off.*)

S C E N E *the last.*

GILES, MARGERY, URSULA, HENRY,
PATTY, BONIFACE, COLIN, and
the PEASANTS.

HENRY.

And now for you my dearest Patty,
Is this youth then, your intended?—
On my word, a smart young fellow!
and I like your choice.

PATTY.

Oh I believe you, brother.

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 147

COLIN.

What ! good Captain ; and do you approve it ? Being as I am, no better than a labourer—

HENRY.

Yes ; I understand : but what then was my father ? nay, what is he still, while I am speaking ? You are come of honest parents I imagine—

MARGERY (*presenting Ursula.*)

O for that, we'll answer. Here's his mother, Ursula : the bravest woman in the village.

HENRY.

Let me wish her joy on the occasion. Patty and my brother that will be, I shan't be happy if I am

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148 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

not at your wedding.—I'll take all the expences on myself.

URSULA and COLIN.

Oh Sir—

HENRY.

But don't I see among you there, my friend, good Mr. Boniface?

BONIFACE.

Yes truly Captain, always at your service.

HENRY.

I at your's, my honour'd Master, and my old acquaintance. (*giving him his hand*) I remember I have often made you angry in my childhood, and am sorry for it.

BONIFACE.

Let us overlook the past; the present is so honourable to me! Do you

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 149

know, good Captain, it was I that read your parents every letter from you, and made known your reputation through the country ? and indeed, I had some little share therein myself.

HENRY.

I know it, Mr. Boniface, and shall with gratitude remember it. 'Tis your instruction has contributed to my promotion.

BONIFACE. (*bowing pompously and strutting.*)

Who the deuce would think, old Boniface had ever whipp'd so fine a Captain !

HENRY.

Are all these good folks, I see, your neighbours, father ?

K 3

150 THE VIRTUOUS SON.

GILES.

Yes dear Henry ; and what's more,
have all been serviceable to our age.

HENRY, (*taking every peasant by
the hand.*)

With all my heart, good friends,
I thank you.

The PEASANTS.

What a noble gentleman ! how
kind ! And how he takes us by the hand !
A thousand thousand times, brave
Captain, welcome to Southampton :
we were always glad to hear of you
beyond sea.

GILES.

Every thing, dear Henry, in you,
charms me, and I easily believe the fair
reports I have so often heard concern-
ing you. I'm certain, you have al-

THE VIRTUOUS SON. 151

ways shewn yourself an honest man in
your profession of a soldier.

HENRY.

Always, always: 'tis the fruit of
your good lessons and example that I
have so. No where, I am sure, can
those I've had to do with, charge me
as unjust and cruel: but in many
places have they thank'd my equity
and mercy. (*looking at his watch*)
But the little time I had to stay is
pass'd, and I must quit you, my dear
parents.

MARGERY.

What already!

GILES.

Oh yet yet, a little longer, **Hardly**

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have we had sufficient time to look at one another!

HENRY.

I must unavoidably rejoin the march. Be certain, inclination would detain me, if my duty were not in the case. But dare I ask one favour at your hands, before I leave you?

GILES and MARGERY:

Every thing, my son.

HENRY.

That you would come and live with me, wherever I shall settle, when I give you notice of the place. Dispose of my abode, as if it were my heart: let us not live asunder; let whatever I call mine, be yours.

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GILES, and MARGERY.

Dear son—

HENRY.

You hesitate: 'tis necessary your compliance should be voluntary. By accepting my propofal, if it should not make *you* happy, you would never make *me* fo.

GILES.

Hear hear me, my good Henry. We are old, and (*taking off his hat*) daily look for death. Let us die here, where we have liv'd fo long: let us die, Henry, in this cottage; ufe has made it precious to us. 'Tis this cottage, you, that are the greateft blessing we could have, were born in. If you often come to fee us, we have nothing elfe to ask.

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HENRY.

Oh surely, surely.

MARGERY.

And on our part, we will come and see you sometimes; in the interim thanking Providence for having given us such a son.

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